

# THE GRAND RIVER TIMES.

VOLUME 1.

GRAND HAVEN, MICHIGAN, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 13, 1851.

NUMBER 6.

## THE GRAND RIVER TIMES

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING, BY  
BARNES & ANGEL.

Office over H. Griffin's Store, Washington Street.

TERMS.—Payment in Advance.

Taken at the office, or forwarded by Mail, \$1.00.  
Delivered by the Carrier in the Village, 1.50.  
One shilling in addition to the above will be  
charged for every three months that payment is  
delayed.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are  
paid, except at the discretion of the publishers.

### TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

One Square, (12 lines or less,) first insertion, fifty  
cents, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent  
insertion. Legal advertisements at the rates pre-  
scribed by law. Yearly or monthly advertisements  
as follows:  
1 square 1 month, \$1.00. 1 square 1 year, \$5.00.  
1 " 3 " 2.00. 1 column 1 " 20.00.  
1 " 6 " 3.00. 1 " 1 month, 50.00.

Advertisements unaccompanied with writ-  
ten or verbal directions, will be published until  
ordered out, and charged for. When a postponement  
is added to an advertisement, the whole will be  
charged the same as for the first insertion.

Letters relating to business, to receive at-  
tention, must be addressed to the publishers—post  
paid.

Particular attention given to Blank Print-  
ing. Most kinds of Blanks in use, will be kept  
constantly on hand.

## BUSINESS DIRECTORY—1851.

C. DAVIS & CO., Dealers in Dry Goods, Groce-  
ries, Provisions, Hardware, Crockery, Boots and  
Shoes, &c., &c. Muskegon, Michigan.

C. B. ALBEE, Storage, Forwarding and Com-  
mission Merchant, and Dealer in Dry Goods,  
Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Boots and Shoes,  
&c., &c. Flour and Salt constantly on hand.—  
Store, corner Washington and Water streets.  
Grand Haven, Mich.

HENRY R. WILLIAMS, Storage, Forwarding  
and Commission Merchant, also Agent for  
the Steamer Algona. Store House at Grand  
Rapids, Kent Co., Mich.

BALL & MARTIN, Storage, Forwarding and  
Commission Merchants. Grand Rapids, Michi-  
gan.

GILBERT & CO., Storage, Forwarding and  
Commission Merchants, and dealers in Produce,  
Lumber, Shingles, Staves &c., &c. Grand Ha-  
ven, Michigan.

F. B. GILBERT, Dealer in Dry Goods, Cloth-  
ing, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Crockery  
and Stone Ware, Hard Ware, Groceries, Provi-  
sions and Ship Stores. Grand Haven, Michigan.

HENRY GRIFFIN, Dealer in Staple and fan-  
cy Dry Goods, Ready made Clothing, Boots and  
Shoes, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery and Glass,  
Drugs, Chemicals, Medicines, Paints and Oils,  
and Provisions. Also, Lumber, Shingles, &c. &c.  
Opposite the Washington House, Grand Haven,  
Michigan.

WILLIAM M. FERRY, Dealer in Dry Goods,  
Hardware, Groceries, Provisions, Crockery, Medi-  
cines, Boots and Shoes. Also, Manufacturer and  
dealer in Lumber. Water street, Grand Haven,  
Michigan.

HOPKINS & BROTHERS, Storage, Forwarding  
& Commission merchants; general dealers in all  
kinds of Dry Goods, Groceries, grain and provi-  
sions; manufacturers and dealers wholesale and  
retail in all kinds of lumber, at Mill Point, Mich.

L. M. S. SMITH, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines,  
Paints, Oils and Dye Stuffs, Dry Goods, Groce-  
ries and Provisions, Crockery, Hardware, Books,  
Stationery, &c., &c. At the Post Office, corner  
of Park and Barber streets, Mill Point, Mich.

H. D. C. TUTTLE, M. D. Office, adjoining  
Wm. M. Ferry's Store, Water street, Grand Ha-  
ven, Michigan.

STEPHEN MONROE, Physician and Surgeon.  
Office over J. T. Davis' Tailor Shop. Washing-  
ton Street, Grand Haven.

LEVI SHACKLETON, Wholesale and Retail  
dealer in Groceries, Provisions and Liquors.—  
First door above H. Pennoyer's. Washington  
Street, Grand Haven, Michigan.

SIMON SIMENOE, Dealer in Groceries and  
Provisions. Washington Street, second door  
East of the Ottawa House.

WASHINGTON HOUSE, By HENRY PENNOY-  
ER. The proprietor has the past Spring new-  
ly fitted and partly re-furnished this House,  
and feels confident visitors will find the House  
to compare favorably with the best in the State.

WILLIAM TELL HOTEL, By HARRY EA-  
TON. Pleasantly situated with excellent rooms  
well furnished, and the table abundantly sup-  
plied with the luxuries and substantial of life.

JAMES PATTERSON, Painter and Glazier,  
House, Sign, and Ornamental Painting done at  
Grand Haven. All orders will be promptly at-  
tended to, by leaving word at this office. Shop at  
Grand Rapids, Michigan.

WILLIAM ORIEL, Boot and Shoemaker.—  
Boots and Shoes neatly repaired, and all orders  
promptly attended to. Washington street, Grand  
Haven, Michigan.

A. H. VREDENBURG, Boot and Shoemaker.  
Shop over Wm. M. Ferry's store, Water street.

CHARLES W. HATHAWAY, Blacksmith. All  
kinds of work in my line done with neatness and  
dispatch at my shop. Mill Point, Michigan.

JOHN T. DAVIS, Merchant Tailor. Shop on  
Washington Street, first door west of H. Grif-  
fin's Store.

GROSVENOR REED, Prosecuting Attorney  
for Ottawa County. Residence at Arderton  
Landing, Allendale, Ottawa County, Mich.

HOYT G. POST, Clerk of Ottawa County. Of-  
fice over H. Griffin's store, opposite the Wash-  
ington House.

WILLIAM N. ANGEL, Register of Deeds, and  
Notary Public for Ottawa County. Office over  
H. Griffin's store, Washington street, opposite the  
Washington House, Grand Haven.

HENRY PENNOYER, Treasurer of Ottawa  
County. Office over H. Griffin's Store, opposite  
the Washington House.

ASA A. SCOTT, Sheriff of Ottawa County.—  
Office over H. Griffin's store, opposite the Wash-  
ington House.

I. O. O. F., Regular meetings of Ottawa Lodge  
No. 46, is held every Wednesday evening, at their  
Lodge Room in the Attic of the Washington  
House. Members of the Order are cordially in-  
vited to attend. Grand Haven, Ottawa Co., Mich.

W. M. Rowland's seven foot mill saws, with teeth  
fitted for use, of "Ferry's Pattern" for sale by  
Wm. M. FERRY.

## A SONG FOR THE FARMER'S BOYS.

The Farmer's Home is the Home for me.

Oh, the farmer's boy is a jovial lad,  
So healthy, bright, and free;  
In his country home he is ever glad,  
Oh, that is the home for me.  
With a whoop and a haw to his lively team,  
With the lark abroad is he,  
With his bread and milk unrob'd of cream,  
Oh, that is the home for me.

Oh, that is the home for me,  
For me, for me, for me.

In the morning bright he drives away,  
Ere the morning sun we see,  
The lowing herd to a silver stream,  
And to pastures green as free.  
In the summer time to the harvest field,  
With a cooling drink we see,  
Both the farmer boy and the farmer girl,  
Oh, that is the home for me.

Oh, that is the home for me, etc.  
When the autumn winds are sweeping wide,  
He is gathering nuts you see—  
For a winter store he will lay them by  
For his sister, himself, and me.  
To the orchard then he hies away,  
For he knows each favorite tree,  
And he saves the fruit for a coming friend,  
Oh, that is the home for me.

Oh, that is the home for me, etc.

When the winter comes with its driving blast,  
Then the farmer's boy is in glee,  
For he loves the snow which is falling fast,  
As it's driving over the lea.  
And he says to himself to-morrow morn  
With my sled and skates I'll be,  
While the cattle are munching their hay and  
corn.

Oh, that is the home for me.

Oh, that is the home for me, etc.

## WHY I LOVE PRINTING.

Respectfully dedicated to Col. R. M. HOE, inven-  
tor of the Lightning Press, by Wm. OAKLAND  
BOURNE.

The deafening clang of fifty hammers struck  
my ear as I passed by the machine shops on  
the west side of the city, and I stopped and  
saw the busy successors of Vulcan shaping and  
bending great iron plates, and forging red-hot  
bolts with which they riveted them together.—  
As I looked curiously on, and heard their ham-  
mers ring on the massive plates, and saw them  
one by one fixed into their places, a strange ob-  
ject rose before me—its cavernous interior was  
struggled with iron tubes, and the builders leap-  
ing to the floor, rung their peal of triumph with  
a score of hammers against the sonorous sides.  
My fancy followed it as I saw it placed between  
the walls of some great leviathan of the deep,  
and as it moved its mighty arms, and was fed  
from the bowels of the earth, and drank up the  
waters of the sea, and turned them into vapor,  
I saw it speeding over the world to bear the  
message of freedom, and the triumphs of science  
and of art to the remotest nations of the  
globe.

I turned and found myself mingling with the  
"ever shifting train" that hastens along the  
great thoroughfare of our city life. On either  
hand there rose tall piles of varied art; tem-  
ples whose spires seemed to touch the skies—  
and around me the rich, the gay, the thought-  
less, the proud, and the unceasing, exchanged  
their recognitions, and passed, as though life  
was a summer dream, or the slumberous vision  
of a luxurious afternoon. The marble struc-  
ture with a figure of justice upon its summit,  
rose up, and the sparkling fountain threw up its  
crystal jet, which fell in radiant and rainbowed  
gem showers to the basin.

It is but a short walk from Broadway to  
Chatham Street, crossing Centre on the way, but  
in that short walk another world is seen.  
From the company of the fashionable, the rich,  
and the millionaire, you may step one minute  
into the extreme of the contrasted scene. Up  
that alley way, down in that dark cellar, which  
is only a mockery of a habitation, where the  
dark air its pestilential vapors breathes, to be  
inhaled by human beings, there lies on a bed of  
pain one whose lamp of life is almost extin-  
guished. How the vital flame flickers between  
life and death. That eye is lighted up for a  
moment—that hectic cheek seems to blush as  
it did in other years—that voice utters a scarce  
audible word—and an immortal spirit has gone  
to its untired and eternal home.

Up that flight of stairs in that miserable at-  
tic, on a bundle of straw in a corner there is  
one lying in a feverish dream. She speaks of  
her home, of her parents, of her mother—"there  
now lie still! do not think of it!" is the re-  
sponse of her nurse, as she parts the once beau-  
tiful auburn hair from her brow. She was in  
other days the belle of that thoroughfare—her  
faith and hope were wrecked by the betrayer,  
and she seeks a dark place to die—where the  
vile, the corrupt, and the thief hold their orgies  
around her dying bed.

Pass that great prison which has been the  
tomb of many a bright and once uncorrupted  
spirit—through this narrow and wretched street,  
of whose history it would be a shame to speak  
—into this broad highway where the thousands  
are moving and eddying as though hastening  
by a stronger power to their end. One tall  
building after another meets the eye, and the  
sound of busy machinery buzzes its droning  
harmony upon the ear. We are in a new world.  
Here are the powers at work which shall raise  
the world, if it ever be raised at all. Here the  
great lever finds its fulcrum, and here the pow-  
er is applied which shall make this world of man  
to revolve in a new orbit, and place it higher  
in the scale of created intelligence.

Under this pavement where we tread there is  
a sound we have not heard before. Ceaseless  
in its repeated and swift uttered strokes, it  
speaks of something new. Down those steps  
into a vault beyond the light of day I ventured  
to look in upon the strange workers inside. In  
one corner like a crouching tiger, with great  
eyes of fire, that seemed to lash itself into fu-  
ry, and was just prepared to spring, there  
breathed, and bubbled, and wrought a thing al-  
most of life. With one fore limb it grasped a  
rotating lever upon which it spent its strength,  
and as it lashed and beat the air, it imparted its  
angry fire to the iron muscle and metallic limb,  
and sent them whirling in countless revolutions  
upon their mission.

Rising like a mountain of iron there is a  
machine near by which is working a revolution  
in the mind of the world. That iron limb im-

pelled by that steam engine grasps this ma-  
chine and holds it to its task. How those work-  
ers watch the motions of those fingers of deli-  
cate steel! How this brawny laborer watches  
the motions of that PRESS. It is a machine  
from which the flashing beams of intellectual  
light radiate in swift floods, and reach the far-  
thest homes of our extended land, and even the  
distant portions of the earth. It is a lever  
whose power is multiplied by a new ratio un-  
known to Archimedes—and whose power, not  
confined to matter, reaches the mind and soul  
of a generation of immortal beings.

My heart beat as I looked at its workings.—  
Rolling and turning in a single moment a blank  
sheet of paper becomes stamped with charac-  
ters of life and love. Songs of freedom, and  
the teachings of a glorious liberty appear up-  
on its ample pages. Tidings of joy to toiling  
millions, bidding them look up, and hope, and  
work, and believe. Lessons of noble meaning  
fill its varied columns. The struggles of millions  
daring to be free—the struggles of millions  
looking for their better day—the promise of  
TRUTH speaking in the triumphs of the age—  
all radiant upon its surface. In a few hours  
tens of thousands will be moved by these im-  
pulses, and hundreds of thousands will feel their  
hearts thrill, and their souls waken responsi-  
bly to the swelling flood.

I thought of the Past. I saw before me a  
hundred thousand scribes consuming a lifetime  
in accomplishing the labor which this crouch-  
ing engine and this wonderful mechanism will  
perform in a day. I saw a nobleman give one  
half of his estate for a few imperfect volumes  
of ancient fables, and of mythological follies.  
I saw the millions untaught; and locked up in  
the recesses of some antiquated monastery. I  
pictured the illuminated manuscripts and the  
classic parchments, too precious to be used—  
and for this reason preserved until art made  
them sacred as monuments by making their  
transcripts universal.

I looked at the revolving instruments of mind  
and the proud achievement of genius and art,  
and I said as my heart beat with higher enthu-  
siasm, "Its maker is greater than an Alexander  
or a Napoleon. They exhausted the resources  
of the world, and laid them with the lives of  
millions upon the altar of their ambition, but  
he develops the resources of the mind, stimu-  
lates the industry of the world, creates joy where  
before was sorrow, and pours light where be-  
fore was darkness, and conquers in the domains  
of the human soul. It is a conquest for eterni-  
ty—while theirs was a conquest for a moment  
of time."

I thought of the day that is coming when the  
Press shall bless every land with its fullest  
beams—when the language of every tribe shall  
be written, and the pens of another day shall  
transfuse the jargon of benighted Africa into  
words of love and liberty—when the isles shall  
hear what the waves declare as they speed on  
their way with glorious tidings of harmony and  
peace. I saw the learning of the ancient, the  
science and the philosophy of all time laid down  
at the foot of the poor laborer, and as his eye  
caught the mysterious page, I saw it beam with  
lofty light and moisten with a grateful tear. I  
heard the strokes of his hammer, and the click-  
ing of his shuttle, and the ring of his anvil, and  
I saw him read, and hope, and believe. I saw  
him with a faith in heaven born power open the  
stores of knowledge, and as she stooped and  
pointed with her jewelled finger to the lessons  
of TRUTH, she wove a laurel around the brow  
of the laborer who toiled and yet made her his  
sister. And as one after another of the mil-  
lions looked up, and read, and toiled, and be-  
lieved, the poor ceased to go about the street,  
and the rich ceased to deride the poor—the know-  
ledge of God, and the knowledge of His works,  
lifted man from his degradation, and purifying  
the life, ennobling the mind, and beautifying the  
spirit, man saw no man but a brother, and knew  
no voice but that of love.

My heart beats whenever I think of that  
PRESS. Whenever I turn to that vault with  
the united power of steam, and the press which  
is at work within it, I dream of the Past, and I  
see the unfolding, active present speaking in  
earnest of the glorious future. With a faith  
in the eternal promise, with a trust in the pow-  
er of this omnipotent lever, I work, and hope,  
and believe.

A ROMANTIC INCIDENT.—A correspondent  
tells a romantic story.

"After Victoria came to the throne a present  
was sent to her from Jerusalem, of an Olive tree.  
It was shipped at Beyroot, kept on deck, and ap-  
peared to die on the passage. On the week on  
which her Majesty was crowned the Bristol  
Mercury stated that on that day of the corona-  
tion, this young olive tree put forth twelve blos-  
soms."

Our correspondent concludes from this, that  
the twelve tribes of Israel will be gathering in  
Victoria's reign! Some less theological and  
genealogical seer might infer that she would  
have twelve children. We will see.

Statistics recently prepared, show the differ-  
ence between this and other countries in rela-  
tion to the number of newspapers published  
and taken by the people. In the United States  
they number sixteen a year to every man, wo-  
man and child. In the British Empire only one  
person in twelve thousand takes a newspaper.  
In Belgium one in 25,000, in Russia, one in 33-  
000, in Prussia, one in 20,000.

A young lady lately appeared in male attire,  
at St. Louis, and one of the editors says that  
her disguise was so perfect, she might have pas-  
sed for a man had she had a little more modesty!

A dandy with a cigar in his mouth, entered a  
menagerie, when the proprietor requested him  
to take the weed from his mouth lest he should  
learn the other monkeys bad habits.

A man was caught near Salem in cutting the  
Telegraph wires. A mob rode him on a rail  
for the rascality. Our opinion is that if there  
be any crime which deserves Capital Punish-  
ment, it ought to be for interfering with the  
lightning trumpets.

## WOMEN AND MARRIAGE.

I have speculated a great deal upon matrimo-  
ny. I have seen young and beautiful women,  
the pride of the gay circles, married—as the  
world says—well! Some have moved in cost-  
ly houses, and their friends have all come and  
looked at their splendid arrangements for hap-  
piness, and they have gone away and commit-  
ted them to their sunny hopes, cheerfully with-  
out fear. It is natural to be sanguine for the  
young, and at such times I am carried away by  
similar feelings. I love to get unobserved into  
a corner, and watch the bride in her smiling  
face and her soft eyes moving before me in their  
pride of life, weave a waking dream of her fu-  
ture happiness, and persuade myself that it will  
be true. I think how they will sit on the lux-  
urious sofa, as twilight falls, and build gay hopes,  
murmur in low tones the now unforbidden ten-  
derness, and enjoy the hallowed kisses, and the  
beautiful endearments of wedded life will make  
even their parting joyous; and how gladly they  
will come back from the crowd, and the empty  
mirth of the gay, to each other's quiet company.  
I picture to myself that young creature, who  
blushes even now, at his hesitating caresses, lis-  
tening eagerly for his footsteps as the night  
steals on, and wishes that he would come home;  
and when he enters at last, and with an affec-  
tion as undying as his pulse, folds her to his bos-  
om, I can feel the very tide that goes flowing  
through his heart, and gaze with him on her  
graceful form as she moves about him for the  
kind offices of attention; smoothing all his un-  
quiet cares, and making him forget even himself,  
in her young and unshadowing beauty.

I go forward years, and see her luxuriant hair  
put soberly away from her brow, and her girl-  
ish graces ripened into dignity, and bright lov-  
eliness chastened into affection. Her husband  
looks on her with a proud eye, and shows her  
the same fervent love, and the delicate atten-  
tions which first won her; and fair children are  
grown up about them, and they go on full of  
honor and untroubled years, and are remember-  
ed when they die! I say I love to dream thus  
when I go to give the young bride joy. It is  
the natural tendency and feeling touched by  
loveliness, that fears nothing for itself; if I ever  
yield to other feelings, it is because the light  
of the picture is changed. I am not fond of  
dwelling upon such changes, and I will not mi-  
nutely now. I allude to it only because I trust  
that my simple page will be read by some of  
the young and beautiful beings who move daily  
across my path, and I would whisper to them,  
as they glide by joyously and confidently, the  
secret of an unclouded future.

The picture I have drawn above is not pecu-  
liar. It is colored, like the fancies of the bride,  
and many, oh! many an hour will she sit, with  
the rich jewels lying loose in her fingers, and  
dream such dreams as these. She believes them  
too, and she goes on for awhile undecieved.—  
The evening is too long while they talk of plans  
for happiness, and the quiet meal is still pleas-  
ant with delightful novelty of mutual reliance  
and attention. There comes soon, however, a  
time when personal topics become bare and  
wearisome, and slight attentions will not alone  
keep up the social excitement. There are in-  
tervals of silence, and detected symptoms of  
weariness, and the husband first, in his man-  
hood, breaks in upon the hours they were to  
spend together. I cannot follow it circumstan-  
tially. There come long hours of unhappy  
restlessness, and terrible misgivings of each  
other's worth and affection, till by-and-by they  
can conceal their uneasiness no longer, and go  
out separately to seek relief, and lean upon the  
hollow world for support, which one who was  
their lover and friend could not give them!

Heed this, ye who are winning by your inno-  
cent beauty the affections of high minded and  
thinking beings! Remember that he will give  
up the brother of his heart, with whom he has  
had ever a fellowship of mind—the society of  
his contemporary runners in the race of fame,  
who have held him with a stern companionship  
and away from the arena of his burning am-  
bition, to come and listen to the voice of the  
charmer. It will bewilder him at first, but it  
will not long; and then think you that an idle  
banishment will chain the mind that has been  
used for years to an equal communion?—  
Think you he will give up for a weak dalliance,  
the animating themes of men, and the search  
into mysteries of knowledge? Oh no, lady! be-  
lieve me—no! Trust not your influence to  
such light fetters! Credit not the old-fashioned  
absurdity that women's is a secondary lot—  
ministering to the necessities of her lord and  
master! It is a higher destiny I would award  
you. If your immortality is as complete and  
your gift of mind as capable as his, I would  
charge you to water the undying bud and give  
it healthy culture, and open its beauty to the  
sun, and then you may hope, that when your  
life is bound with another, you will go on equal-  
ly, and with a fellowship that shall pervade ev-  
ery earthly interest! [WASHINGTON IRVING.]

SONG.—Oh, marry the man you love, girls, if  
you can get him at all; if he is as rich as Croe-  
sus, or as poor as Job in his fall. Pray do not  
for pelf, girls, 'twill bring your soul into thrall,  
but marry the man you love, girls, if his purse  
is ever so small. Oh, never marry a fool, girls,  
whether he's little or tall; he'll make a fool of  
himself and you, he knows nothing well but to  
drawl. But marry a sober man, girls, there are  
a few left on this ball; and you'll never rue the  
day, girls, that you ever married at all.

COOL.—"Maybe smoking is offensive to some  
of you," said an inveterate smoker, as he enter-  
ed one of the ferry boats.

"Yes, yes," immediately responded a dozen  
voices.

"Well," said the enquirer, immediately plac-  
ing the cigar between his lips, and puffing away  
at it for dear life, "tis to some folks."

We notice in the catalogue of the Chicago  
Medical College, that Mrs. F. BROCKWAY, of  
Jonesville, is pursuing her medical course. She  
is a woman of fine talent.

All good principles must stagnate without  
mental activity.

## THE ENGLISH VERSION OF THE BIBLE.

We go back in our thoughts to the venerable  
Bede, in the eighth century; translating the scrip-  
tures into Saxon, just living to complete the last  
chapter of the Gospel of John, and dying amid  
the accents of thanksgiving and praise. Then  
we come down to Wickliffe, in the fourteenth  
century, also translating the Scriptures for popu-  
lar use; then to Tyndale in the sixteenth;  
then to Cranmer and his translation, afterwards  
called the Bishops' Bible, which was used in the  
churches for some forty years, if I remember  
rightly, before our version was undertaken.—  
Then this was commenced. With what admi-  
rable skill and Christian wisdom were the arrange-  
ments for it conducted. It was not to be a new  
translation, but a renovation and completion of  
the former. There were appointed, to conduct  
the work, nearly fifty of the most eminent schol-  
ars and divines of the English universities.—  
These were arranged into six classes, to each of  
which was committed a portion of the Scrip-  
tures. Each member of each class was to read  
the whole of the portion assigned to that class;  
and then, from the careful collation and compar-  
ison of these in full class, the best attainable ver-  
sion was to be secured. When the portion was  
finished, a copy of it was sent to each of the other  
classes, to be considered and revised by them;  
so that each person of the whole number had the  
Scriptures before him before the work was ac-  
complished. When all was completed, the work  
was committed to a committee of six, one from  
each class, to be reviewed and supervised. And  
then, when their labors were finished, and the  
result seemed perfectly prepared for publication  
—so far as human industry and scholarship  
could secure that—two eminent divines were  
appointed to finally examine and prepare it for  
the press, and carry it through that. What a  
noble and admirable arrangement for securing  
to those speaking the English language a ver-  
sion of the Scriptures as pure from error, as  
comprehensive and accurate, and as thoroughly  
imbued with the energy and beauty of our moth-  
er tongue as could be prepared! It was three  
years in being accomplished. As we think of  
James in connection with it, we forgive a thou-  
sand faults and follies in the memory of this one  
great achievement; this permanent gift from him  
to our language. It will be a jewel forever on  
the brow of his fame; and it will make the name  
of at least one Stewart honored throughout all  
generations, whosoever the English tongue is  
spoken!

And now consider, what influences this ver-  
sion has put into our literature! I might say  
into all the history and the life of the English  
people! It comes to us with authority from our  
childhood. Its words are heard amid circum-  
stances best adapted to make them impressive;  
on the Sabbath; in the Churches; in the family  
devotions. They have been taught in even the  
common schools of our land, blessed be God  
for that! They have become wrought, we may  
say, into the very substance and texture of our  
thoughts, our associations, our earliest and most  
cherished expressions.

And so they act mightily as an educating pow-  
er, on the popular mind. They have done so  
for generations. They act even upon the high-  
er departments of literature. What delicate, lai-  
ry-like forms, this tough and oaken Saxon, so  
skillfully combined with the more majestic Ro-  
man tongue, has been wrought into, into hymns  
and structures of poetry; in those beautiful  
"Songs of Zion" to which reference has been  
made! Who has not observed in the great Sen-  
atorial orator of our times, that when he rises  
to the highest point of eloquence, the very pitch  
of his power, he reverts to the simple Biblical  
phrase that was familiar to us in childhood? and  
it is by that he shakes the hearts of his hearers,  
with his wonderful force. For what could we  
give up the influences which this version has  
put into our literature! For what would we  
give up the Version itself! There is a company  
of gentlemen, I believe, in this city, who are  
desiring and endeavoring to put this out of use,  
and to substitute another for it, prepared accord-  
ing to their notions. [REV. R. S. STORRS.]

DEATH OF FRIENDS.—The death of friends is  
an affliction to which the mind becomes but  
slowly reconciled. The burial of a stranger ar-  
rests the attention. The departure of those with  
whom we have been in habits of daily or occa-  
sional intercourse, affects us still more sensibly,  
and reminds us strongly of that verge to which  
we are tottering. But it is only when some  
near and dear friend is consigned to the solemn  
silence of the grave, that we feel the force of  
that sickening sorrow, which hangs heavily up-  
on the heart, as though it would press it down  
that narrow space over which the spirit dwells  
in mournful suspense. There is an indescrib-  
able sensation of gloom attending such a scene,  
when for the last time we gaze on the features  
so pale, cold, and altered; when the grave is  
closed up, and the last sacred rights are finish-  
ed. How unwilling the heart admits the belief  
that here end the feeling and affections on which  
it has long clung! that all the little indulgences  
and kindness of which we have so long partaken  
—the pleasure and sympathies mutually given  
and received—that they are here to terminate—  
and how anxious the mind seeks for some assu-  
rance that this is not a final and eternal separa-  
tion, and admits the belief of a power that is  
able to take away, in some degree the sting of  
death, and rob the grave of an agony which  
without such a belief, would be insupportable.

A CHEERFUL HEART.—It is not essential to  
the happy home that there should be the luxu-  
ry of the carpeted floor, the cushioned sofa,  
the soft shade of the astral lamp. These gild the  
apartments, but reach not the heart. A neat-  
ness, order, and a cheerful heart make home the  
sweet paradise it is often found to be. There  
is joy, as real, by the cottage fireside, as in the  
splendid saloons of wealth and refinement. The  
elegancies of life are not to be despised. They  
are to be received with gratitude. But their  
possession does not insure happiness. The  
sources of true joy are not so shallow. The  
cheerful heart, like the kaleidoscope, causes most  
discordant materials to arrange themselves in  
harmony and beauty.